

Do not stand on my grave and weep  
by Let my dragons roar

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Summary: 'Do not stand on my grave and weep; I am not there, I am asleep. I am the thousands winds that blow, I am the glints of the snow. I am the sunlight on ripened grain, I am the gentle autumn's rain. Do not stand on my grave and cry; I am not there, I did not die.' Deathfic. \*IMAGE NOT MINE\*

Do not stand on my grave and weep

'\_Do not stand on my grave and weep;\_

\_I am not there, I am asleep.\_

\_I am the thousands winds that blow,\_

\_I am the glints of the snow.\_

\_I am the sunlight on ripened grain,\_

\_I am the gentle autumn's rain.\_

\_Do not stand on my grave and cry;\_

\_I am not there, I did not die.\_'

Toothless had passed away on the last day of fall; the season when the leaves the healthy green leaves turned into ugly brown, dropping from the trees and onto the floor like dead weights. The dragon had become ill, something unknown that attack his very mind and body, leaving the dragon to lay limply next to the fire place, shaking like the leaves in the bitter wind as he stared blankly ahead, eyes out of focused.

Hiccup had kept the fire up; throwing on logs every time he thought his dragon was cold, even venturing outside to get his own wood, desperately trying to keep his dragon comfortable as the days worn

on.

It had started a few days into the fall, Toothless had stared to sleep less; first it was an hour or two before eventually turning into entire nights of sleeplessness. Hiccup had noticed something was wrong almost instantly on the first day when his dragon forgot to wake him up, curled up on his bed, dead to the world; his worry building up when the dragon nibbled at his breakfast, only chocking back three fish before pushing the rest aside with an expression of disgust.

Hiccup knew something was painfully wrong when his dragon didn't get excited for their morning flight, especially when Toothless choose to lay in the corner of the living room, going back to sleep. Hiccup was upset, even more so when Stoick made him go to the forge to work, telling him the 'beast' was just tired and he would be fine.

Hiccup spent the entire time at work thinking about Toothless, getting almost every repair and fix wrong as his thoughts stayed on his dragon. After his shift ended, Hiccup had decided to do something nice for Toothless, buying a whole basket of his favorite fish with the money he had earned at the forge and hiked it up to his house. Toothless barely ate the fish, sniffing at it before eating the smallest one and went back to sleep.

Over the course of a week, Toothless only worsened, barely eating anything and stayed on his spot in the corner throughout most of the week, only getting up for water breaks.

Hiccup had tried everything to make him feel better before he persuaded Gothi, the village healer, to have something to make him feel better, the woman gave him a herd, supposed to help the dragon to eat; It had worked, for a few weeks, before the dragon stopped eating all together, turning his nose away from everything Hiccup had offered, leaving the boy at a dead end.

His condition only got worse after that; Toothless stopping getting up from his spot, moving next to the fire place, as close as he could get, and lay on the floor limply like a dying old dog accepting his fate for days on end. Hiccup took as many days off of work to care for Toothless, watching as the dragon grew skinner and skinner, only having the odd nibble at the fresh fish Hiccup had brought for him.

As the fall drew on, the wind picked up a cold chill, something Toothless seemed to pick up on and started to shiver hopelessly; Hiccup brought his blanket and pillow down for Toothless, even buying new ones with his pay so that the dragon was as comfortable as possible.

Even Stoick had tried to get the dragon to eat as the dragon's scales lost they're darkness, turning into a spotty, discolored grey, some scales even falling out or hanging loose from the dragon's weak body. Astrid had come visit Hiccup, too, almost every day, trying to help both Toothless and Hiccup anyway she could; both their attempts at helping fell flat as Toothless get worse.

In the last month of fall, when almost every leaf was of its tree, littering the ground with brown and orange; this was when Toothless let go. Hiccup had desperately tried to do something, anything, for

his dragon to get better. But Toothless had seemed to have given up long ago, either too weak or too tired to even open his eyes as the days worn on agonizingly slowly.

And then, on the last day on fall, every leaf now off its tree and blown away in the cold autumn wind, disappearing as they got swept away across the ocean forever, leaving the trees of Berk bare; this was the day Toothless died.

Toothless' funeral was on the first day of winter, the first dragon to ever get a Viking funeral; the entire village showed up, dressed in black as they mourned over the death of one of Berk's hero's.

Hiccup stood at the edge of the dock, gripping Astrid's hand tightly as he stared at Toothless' body, laying across the wooden box in the center of the boat, surrounded by his belonging; the wreckage of his first tail along with the brilliant red one laying on one side whilst Hiccup's sketches and drawing of Toothless he had done over the years, all rolled up together with a neat strip of leather lay on the other side.

Hiccup watched as the boat set sail, drifting along the unusually calm waters painfully slow, bouncing along the gentle waves calmly before an arrow whizzed above Hiccup's head, flames consuming the arrow as it shot through the air before the head of the arrow dug deep into the mass of the boat, causing it to burst into flames within seconds. Smoke erupt from the fire as it ate away at the boat as it bobbed along the waves hopelessly until it could take no more and collapsed, sinking into the depths below.

Hiccup stood on the edge of the dock as he stared out at where the boat had sunk, blinking quickly as he sniffed before everything hit him like a punch in the chest; the first day Toothless had gotten sick, the hours he spent trying to get the dragon, watching as he lost his once playful and happy eyes disappeared, watched as his dragon grew weaker and weaker to the point he couldn't even life his paw and the day Toothless had died; his desperate gasps for air as his body shook violently before turning deadly still. It hit Hiccup hard and left his tight-chested, his eyes burning painfully before tears rolled from his cheek like waterfalls, months of tears freely falling as he gasped for air.

The sudden realization that had hit him like lightening, the image of spending his life alone without his best friend made Hiccup sob, unable to stop the tears as they fell from his eyes. Hiccup was so glad he was alone, so glad that he could cry for his friend, for his first and only best friend in peace, so glad he wouldn't be judge for crying the second person he had ever truly loved.

Hiccup stood on the edge of the docks, letting the tears roll down his cheek as he choked for air. Toothless was gone, and he wasn't coming back, he was dead and now Hiccup was alone just like before.

Hiccup couldn't remember how long he stood there, crying for his dragon, crying because of the months of heartache until he died. He didn't remember walking back home moments before midnight, or walking into his dark and empty room; Hiccup remembered nothing from that night.

Hiccup remembered waking up on Toothless' bed, curled up in a ball and shaking from the cold, his eyes sore and red as they flickered in the morning light. Hiccup had called for Toothless before he remembered what had happened and burst into tears, a sob in his throat as he choked back his tears.

Hiccup had never cried that hard since his mother's death.

\*\*I don't know if this is any good or not but who cares ^\*\*\*

\*\*I got the quote from a desperate housewives episode and I swear it made me cry because it was really said D: 10 points to you if you watch that show (I'm obsessed with it \*sigh\*) I don't know the source of it so sorry :/\*\*

\*\*I guess this is sort of a sequel to 'Dragons live forever but not so little boys' but in an alternate universe so enjoy the angst :3\*\*

\*\*Also, if you haven't heard yet I have a poll on my profile, it's just what I should write next so if you could look at it I'll love you forever~~\*\*

\*\*Please comment if you liked it :3\*\*

\*\*~LMDR love you all~~\*\*

End  
file.